

## The Calling by Carerra\_os

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**Summary:**

Day 8 Rebirth

Day 11 hug

Day 20 Breeze

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“You were dying, there wasn’t anything that could stop that, I just made sure you woke up again.” Steve’s struggles eventually ease and then he is crying, bloody tears pressed into Billy’s skin, seeping into his shirt and Billy holds him through that too, he knows the pain of drying.

# **1. Rebirth**

## **Author's Note:**

Day Eight Rebirth, Eleven hug, and twenty Breeze  
from the Harringrove April Prompts

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Day Eight Rebirth from the Harringrove April  
Prompts

## **The Calling Part 1 - Rebirth**

Billy is looking for Max, it is getting late and she never came home. He does not think anyone here in little Hawkins would hunt her but that does not keep him from worrying. So instead of heading out to another high school party and trying to pretend he is not bored, that he is not only there looking for one pretty boy Steve Harrington, he is tracking her scent across decayed farm land.

He hears the panicked shouting, the beating of a herd of animals under the ground beneath his feet and the screaming before the scent of blood reaches him. The scent of that blood raises panic in Billy and he is rushing forward with supernatural speed to a group of kids, his little sister among them shouting and crying as they stare down into a giant hole in the ground. Billy rushes past them jumping down into the hole, he can tell Max is fine, it is not her blood filling the air, it is Steve's.

"Billy!" Max shouts, he knows she did not see him, her eyes not good enough to track his speed when the full moon is not close but she definitely smelled him. "Is, is Steve going to live?" He hears the quiver in her voice, the way her heart jumps with worry as the kids around her start yelling questions, struggling to keep the curly haired kid from jumping down.

Billy scans the tunnel for any lurking danger, smells rotten air and something burning, he can still hear whatever animals had been here trampling the ground but they are not headed back this way. The scent of blood is thick, sweet in a way that all blood is, something alluring under that sweet smell that Billy recognizes as Steve even from far away. Billy finally drops his eyes to Steve assessing all of the damage.

It is not good, there is blood everywhere, he has been ripped open from the stomach down, legs mangled, he is too damaged for any hospital to treat. His heart is slowing down, he is bleeding out and Billy can hear the one lung he still has intact as it fills up with blood, he is surprised Steve is still conscious at all. His eyes are unfocused, murmuring low asking after the kids over and over again. "I'll make sure he survives" Billy shouts back at Max, careful not to specify alive, that is not an option.

Billy squats by Steve's side, hand gentle against his cheek, smearing blood as he draws Steve's attention. "Hey pretty boy, are you with me?" Billy keeps his voice low, afraid speaking too loud will startle Steve out of his shocked state, he stopped screaming before Billy made it down here, he hopes to keep it that way for as long as he can.

Steve's eyes are glassy still but his one working hand reaches out in Billy's direction brushing against his boot as he murmurs. "The kids? They made it? They're safe?" Billy catches his hand, gives it a soft squeeze and has it weakly returned.

"Yeah pretty boy, you got them all out to safety, you did real good." Billy may not be sure what exactly happened but between the broken rope, the crying kids, and Steve's worry he is sure this all happened because he was protecting them. Steve nods, eyes turning away toward the light shining in through the mouth of the tunnel.

Billy knows there is only one option, Steve needs to be reborn just

like Billy had been all those years ago. Billy made a promise to himself once to never turn another but that was a long time ago, long before he met Steve. Billy cannot imagine a world without Steve in it now that he has found him.

“You still with me?” Billy asks fingers against Steve’s cheek again drawing his attention, Steve tips his head in his direction again and blinks a few times and his vision clears a little focusing on Billy.

“I’m dying.” Steve says it like the fact it is calm and ready and it makes Billy’s throat tight makes him shake his head because Steve is dying but Billy will not let him just stay dead. He still could though, he has sustained a lot of damage, his body might not make it and Billy blocks the thought out because Steve has to, Billy has spent his whole afterlife looking for his mate, he cannot lose him before they have even had a chance, that is too cruel a fate to contemplate.

“It’s going to be okay pretty boy, I’m going to save you.” Billy promises as he lets his fangs drop giving a crooked smile at Steve’s shocked wet gasp, he is fading fast but Billy thinks the ability to still feel fear is probably a good thing. “It’s going to be okay” Billy promises again, ripping into his wrist with his fangs excited for Steve to keep on existing as he presses it to his already bloody mouth.

“Drink and be reborn.” Billy insists holding his wrist firmly against Steve’s mouth when he struggles weakly to move away, questions swimming in his teary eyes. The blood wins, sliding down Steve’s throat and working into his system, making him relax and drink freely, no longer struggling against Billy. “That’s it, you’re doing so good pretty boy.” Billy coos fingers carding through Steve bloody hair, leaning down and lapping at the blood on his cheek.

“What, what’s going to happen?” Steve asks the word gurgling from the collapsed lung filling with blood, when Billy drags his wrist away, hand coming up trying to get it back but he is no match for Billy’s strength, broken as he is, so fragile, still just a dying human.

“You’re going to be reborn, it’s going to hurt but I’ll be right here, I’m going to take care of you.” Billy promises nosing at Steve’s neck and lapping up more of his spilled blood, tongue gentle where the flesh is torn, careful not to hurt.

“Why?” Steve asks, struggling to raise his hand barely managing to brush at Billy’s curls staining a few strands red before he is dropping it again. “Why?”

Billy lets out a little burring noise against Steve’s chin before rising to hover over him. His brown eyes are already starting to change just the hint of red around the irises, it will not be long before the pain of change comes. “I’ve always liked you pretty boy, I couldn’t just let you die, what a waste that would be.” Billy has had his eyes on this human since he came to this backwater town, drawn to him in a way he had never been before.

“But why?” Steve’s brow is furrowed up, mouth pinched in a way that is almost cute, lips stained with blood.

“How about we save those questions for after your change sweetheart.” Billy says, how can he explain this draw like a tether dragging him to Steve at every turn when Steve himself has not yet changed, does not yet feel it. Billy picks him up as gently as he can, gathering his tattered body close, Steve screams when he has to touch his lower mangled half, the kids shouting kicking up a notch. There is nothing Billy can do, they have to move, this is not a safe spot, he needs to get Steve home before the change fully starts taking effect.

“It’s going to be okay.” Billy repeats as Steve’s face finds his neck, shuddering breaths and muffled screams pressed into his skin. Billy grits his teeth as he jumps out of the tunnel, Steve’s scream cuts off as he passes out and Billy can only hope he manages to stay that way until they get where they are going. He pauses at the top of the tunnel, the kids staring wide eyed at him and Steve, taking in the horror of what happened to him in that tunnel. “Max, stay at one of your friends’ houses tonight, not Sinclair’s” Billy adds when it looks

like he is going to volunteer.

“Is he?” Max asks, looking at Steve sadly, like she thinks Billy is just going to let him die.

“He’ll be reborn.” Billy says with a sneer, softening as Max just nods still looking just as worried for him, maybe he misread her. “Fledglings are dangerous and unpredictable, none of you can come near the house if he attacks you he’ll hate himself.”

“What are you?” Dustin asks, face tear stained, moving closer only for Max to catch him and keep him by her, eyes on Steve, on the way some of his skin is starting to knit back together even as his heart gives its last beat, they both know Billy does not have time to explain things.

“I’ll stay with Dustin and explain, I’ll call the house and leave the number and you let me know how it goes, if he...” She trails off, knowing what could happen, knowing it might not take. Billy nods before she has even finished speaking, speeding off with Steve, ignoring the new outbreak of shouts from the kids. He has a rebirth to witness, a new vampire to prepare for, he trusts Max to tell them what they need to know and to keep them away until Billy gives them the okay.

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It is a long night of screaming Steve waking as the pain of change works through him, eventually he shuts down again, looking almost like he is sleeping as the final stage takes over and burns through his body. It is an even longer day that follows waiting, hoping nothing goes wrong and Steve is reborn to be like Billy, something he cannot be sure of until Steve opens his eyes again. Sometimes things go wrong, sometimes there is a gene lying dormant and the thing that wakes up is a new breed of monster that has to be put down. Billy is not sure he can do that to Steve even if he does wake up as Billy’s

worst nightmare.

Billy does not think that will be the case, there are no signs of that kind of change taking place as he waits but only time will tell. After all of the wounds have closed, the skin, muscles, bone, and organs all back where they belong and Steve's screams and thrashing subside Billy washes Steve's body. He is clinical as he goes about it, hand only pressing hard enough to drag, cleaning the caked blood and dirt from his body. When he is clean Billy puts him in a set of his own clothes, the soft comfortable things he only wears in the privacy of his own home before tucking Steve into his bed and settling down on the edge keeping watch.

The sun sets and Billy worries as Steve remains still, worries until Steve takes in a needless gasp of air as he shoots up clutching his chest, eyes scanning the room looking for danger. Billy gets a hold of him before he can unleash his undead speed and shoot away, dragging Steve's face to look at him, the red ring around his eyes faded but there, Billy knows it will not go away for at least a year. It may never go away for some it does not but Billy hopes it will, it makes it easier to hide. "Hey pretty boy, how are you feeling?" Billy asks, hand coming up to cup Steve's cheek.

Steve's brow pinches mouth twisting in confusion "Strange, it doesn't hurt, I don't hurt, I'm not dead. How am I not dead?" There is a panic in his scent, arms coming up reaching out for Billy and he lets Steve pull him closer, lets him press his face against his neck trying to hide from his own confusion, lets him take a moment to ground himself.

"You aren't exactly alive, you've been reborn as a vampire." Billy explains, hand carding through Steve's hair keeping him close when he goes to pull away. "It's okay, you're okay, and everything is going to be okay." Billy repeats as Steve struggles. "You were dying, there wasn't anything that could stop that, I just made sure you woke up again." Steve's struggles eventually ease and then he is crying, bloody tears pressed into Billy's skin, seeping into his shirt and Billy holds him through that too, he knows the pain of drying.

"You have to drink something for me okay" Billy says when Steve settles some, pulling back and wiping the bloody tears from Steve's face. Steve stares at the cloth he uses, looking a touch green as it stains a pinkish red, Billy remembers that feeling distantly.

"What do I have to drink?" Steve asks but Billy is pretty sure he already knows, gives him a sad look and Steve answers his own question aloud. "Blood" Billy nods. "From you?" Billy shakes his head and if he had eaten recently he would be blushing, that is an intimate act feeding from another vampire. "From other people?" A fresh panic filling his voice.

"No, calm down, I'm not going to make you feed from anyone." Billy catches Steve's face and presses their foreheads together. "Take a deep breath for me." Steve's brown pinches up as he does as Billy asks, sucking in unnecessary air. "It helps even if you don't need to breathe anymore, something about the act helps yeah?" Billy bumps their noses and makes Steve go cross-eyed as he nods.

Billy pulls away reaching for the nightstand and Steve's fingers find his arm digging in hard like he is afraid Billy is going to leave him. "I'm not going anywhere just" Billy holds up the glass full of blood he plucks from the night stand showing it to Steve. "Luckily I went by the hospital and picked up some blood bags a few days ago. Not the best tasting but it'll do until I can take you out and show you how to hunt." There is panic in Steve's eyes again and Billy adds "Animals! Animals, you don't have to drink from people and if hunting doesn't agree with you for animals either it's okay, I told you I'm going to take care of you and I meant it."

Steve twists his mouth unsure as Billy holds the glass to him pressing it under his nose letting him get a good whiff. Steve gasps as his fangs slide down and prick his bottom lip before he takes the glass, takes a slow sip, nose and brow pinching up at the first taste but Billy can tell the moment that fades. Billy just watches him, hand coming up rubbing over the one Steve still has latched onto him. Steve drains



the cup of sticky blood dripping down his chin in his hast a disappointed whine leaving him once it is empty staring at Billy imploringly as he asks "Can I have some more?" even as he flicks his tongue over the inside of his mouth as the after taste hits and Billy wipes up his chin.

"Not yet, give it a while make sure it stays down, not everyone can keep bagged blood in their system. Give it an hour and if you're still feeling alright I'll bring you some more." Steve nods, surprising Billy he was honestly expecting a tantrum not resignation as Steve brings his limbs in close to his body, hand still keeping hold of Billy but the rest of him hunched in tight. He is not really sure what to do with this "Do you want to rest?"

Steve nods and he uncurls enough to settle against the mattress instead of remaining with his back against the headboard. Billy is planning to take this time to call Max and give her an update, feed himself if he has long enough but Steve's hand clamps tighter as he tries to pull away, big brown eyes with their red ring staring up at him in panic. "Do you want me to stay?" Billy asks, hand coming back to rest over Steve's hand digging into his arm as Steve nods.

"Alright." Billy returns the nod and nudges Steve until he takes the hint and moves to the center of the bed, Billy sliding under the blankets with him. Steve does not relent his hold on Billy's arm until Billy curls both of his arms around Steve pressing to his back, breathing in his scent, undead and no less pleasant than it had been before. "I'm not going anywhere." Billy reassures when Steve twists in his hold and latches onto him in a tight hug wiggling down until he can press his head up under Billy's chin.

Steve nods nose brushing over Billy's neck making him gulp and curl tighter around Steve trying to ignore how good he smells, trying to ignore all the things he wants to do to Steve. He just turned him, he is in a vulnerable state and Billy is not going to take advantage. Steve is making it hard for him though with the way he keeps dragging his nose up and down Billy's neck snuffling. "Why do you smell so

good?”

“I think that's something we can wait to discuss until later, just rest.” Billy is not ready to tell Steve about the calling, about how it has been dragging him in Steve's direction ever since he smelled him. Billy has been waiting hundreds of years to find his mate, he can wait until Steve is settled in his new skin to drop the mates bombshell on him.

“But-” Steve pulls back, brow pinched again as he frowns at Billy. It is cute and Billy cannot help smiling as he brings a hand up and smooths it over Steve's brow.

“I promise I'll tell you another time.” Billy means it, how could he not and Steve gives a pout and lets out a little huff blowing out across Billy's face before he snuggles back in. Neither of them will find true sleep but Billy finds it still helps to shut your eyes and block out the rest of the world for a few hours and he hopes it helps Steve too.

**-TBC**

**Notes for the Chapter:**

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

## **2. Hug**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Day 11 hug

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“Can I come?” There is a waver in his voice like he already knows the answer and of course he does. Billy has been very clear that they cannot risk Steve exposing himself, he still has not gotten control of his strength or speed, sometimes speeding when he does not mean to and there are several holes in the walls from it.

“No.” Those are not the only reasons Billy will not risk bringing Steve on this particular outing. Steve may have impeccable control but Billy is not stupid enough to bring him to a hospital blood bank, a place full of death and blood, it tests even Billy’s restraint at times.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Day Eleven Hug from the Harringrove April Prompts

### **The Calling Part 2 - Hug**

Steve it turns out is quite clingy after his change, following Billy from room to room latching onto him any chance he gets and well Billy loves it. He has never been touched so much in his life so sweetly, with nothing behind it and Billy may wish sometimes there was some heat there but he does not press for any touch Steve is not offering, something he may never offer Billy reminds himself when his fantasies try to carry him away. It has been nearly a month and Billy still has not told Steve why he likes his scent so much and Steve has not asked again, he just spends hours with his nose tucked against Billy's neck while they are wrapped all around one another.

Steve has not left the property yet, the furthest Billy has taken him is the back yard and he is doing good, so good. He has shown no interest in Billy's human neighbors, not even when Danial the seventy year old who lives next door cut his finger while weeding. Steve showed no interest in the blood, only in finding out if the man was okay and if he needed assistance. Billy definitely had not had that kind of control when he first turned, a paper cut would have had his fangs dropping, the man is free bleeding telling Steve about the other injuries he has had from gardening and nothing, Billy is amazed.

So he figures it is safe to have Max come back home. She has been staying in the Henderson's guest room for the last few weeks, Mrs. Henderson under the assumption that Billy is very sick and contagious, doting on Max like the daughter she never had much to Dustin's jealousy. The whole town thinks both of them are sick, with a really bad case of the flu and it keeps people away for the most part, from what the kids have said several people have come around Steve's house looking to check up on him but he is not there and they all leave without seeing him.

Billy checks their blood supply and figures he should pick some more bagged blood up before Max returns, Steve may have impeccable restraint but there is no reason to test that with actual hunger. Steve is in the bath soaking, as Billy shuffles around getting ready to leave, getting a cooler ready for the blood and getting himself presentable. Billy is just fixing his hair when Steve comes out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around his hips cocking his head as he watches Billy fluff his hair. Billy does not miss the chance to track his eyes up and down Steve's half naked body.

"Why are you so dressed up?" Billy is not really dressed up. He just is not wearing the comfortable lounge clothes Steve has grown accustomed to seeing him in, instead he is in his typical tight jeans and barely buttoned shirt.

"Got to go pick up some more blood, I think it's safe to let Max come

back but only if I know we have plenty of blood on hand.” Billy says, turning away from the mirror as Steve moves closer looking to touch and Billy lets him. Droplets of water soaking into his clothes as Steve hugs him, arms around his waist, head against his neck.

“Can I come?” There is a waver in his voice like he already knows the answer and of course he does. Billy has been very clear that they cannot risk Steve exposing himself, he still has not gotten control of his strength or speed, sometimes speeding when he does not mean to and there are several holes in the walls from it.

“No.” Those are not the only reasons Billy will not risk bringing Steve on this particular outing. Steve may have impeccable control but Billy is not stupid enough to bring him to a hospital blood bank, a place full of death and blood, it tests even Billy’s restraint at times.

Steve’s arms tighten around him holding tighter “But-”

“You can’t come to the hospital, you have to stay here.” It is the first time Billy will be leaving him all alone and he is a little worried but Steve has been doing so well Billy does not feel the need to worry.

“Why do you have to go, just stay here?” Steve requests, tone a touch whining, pout pressed into Billy’s neck.

“We need more blood.” Billy points out again hands stroking up and down Steve’s damp naked back when his scent sours.

“We don’t need blood, I’m not even hungry, just stay here.” Steve has an edge of begging in his voice, Billy knows he does not like to be too far away but they are going to need blood and Steve might not be hungry right now but in a few hours that will change.

“We do and I have to go and you have to stay here, this isn’t up for discussion pretty boy. This is happening now, let me go.” Billy’s voice

is firm and authoritative but Steve does not give in the way he normally does, instead his fingers dig in as he tries curling even tighter to Billy. Billy tries to dislodge him as gently as possible, it does not work.

“Steven let go so I can leave!” Billy finally shouts after ten minutes of trying to disentangle Steve from his body with no success. The change is instantaneous, Steve shooting away from him narrowly managing to stop before he puts another hole in the wall. Steve’s scent is a sour mix, arms wrapping around himself in a hug, his back to Billy. Billy tries to soothe, moves over to him with a softer “Pretty boy I-” He barely manages to brush Steve’s back before Steve shoots away, closing himself in the bathroom.

Billy feels bad for yelling but he really has to get there before shift change, he already has the current on duty clerk mesmerized to do his bidding and if shifts change while the man is pulling blood for Billy to pick up there are going to be questions. Billy sighs and knocks on the door with two knuckles and hears the water come back on and he figures Steve is going to take another bath and he hopes it will help him calm down.

“Sorry I yelled.” Billy calls through the door to no response. “I’ll be back later.” Billy figures Steve needs some time to get over Billy denying him and yelling, he figures a few hours alone will help him workout his feelings. Billy is always in a better mood when he has some alone time after a fight, he hopes that when he returns Steve will be in higher spirits.

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Billy frowns when he gets back to the house and he is met by shuddering crying breaths, for a second he worries maybe Steve lured one of the neighbors here and decided to feed from them but that fear is unfounded as he hears no heartbeat, smells no one other than Steve and himself in their space. It can only mean that it is Steve making those noises. Billy rushes to the bedroom and he is met with

a fresh wave of copper salt, the scent of Steve's tears hitting him as soon as he pushes the door open.

Steve does not move from where he is curled up under the covers, a shuddering sobbing lump, no indication that he has noticed Billy's return. His frown deepens as he drops the cooler to the floor by the side of the door, the blood will keep for a while in there, toeing off his shoes before moving over to the bed. Billy drags the blankets back and Steve whips around, eyes going wide before he flings himself at Billy nearly knocking him over in his surprise.

Steve is full on crying, tears soaking into Billy's shirt as he wraps his arms around Steve hugging him close as he clings murmuring against Billy's neck "You came back, you came back." Over and over and Billy does not know what to do, why would he not come back, he told Steve he was coming back. Billy maneuvers them both onto the bed under the blankets, careful of the wet patch Steve's tears have made in the middle of the bed staining the white sheets a watery red. Feels his heart clench at the evidence of how long Steve must have been here crying.

"Pretty boy, come on calm down for me, of course I came back I said I would." Billy reminds but it does not seem to help, Steve sobbing something so deeply against the skin of his neck that Billy cannot decipher his words. It takes effort to push back Steve enough to see the red rim around his eyes bright with his emotions heightened, the reddish pink of his tears making it almost glow. Steve is still crying freely as he tries to press back into Billy's body but Billy holds him firm. "What did you say?"

Billy wants to give in and just hold him, spend the rest of the night hugging him close but he also wants to know why Steve thought he would not come back. Why Steve clearly has such strong abandonment issues, had Billy known they were this bad beforehand he would not have left him. Would have planned this better, had Max stay with Steve or even risked his stooge at the hospital bringing the blood to him.

“They said they were coming back too and then they just stopped coming back because I wasn’t worth their time.” This time when Steve tries to press forward Billy lets him, pieces sliding together, he has heard about Steve’s absent parents from Tommy and Carol. “Said there wasn’t a point in coming home if they were just going to be embarrassed.” Steve cries ‘embarrassed’, going muffled as he pressed his face back into Billy’s neck.

Billy bundles him up close in a hug again, anger coiled in his belly, as he gently pets over Steve’s back “I’m not them pretty boy, I wouldn’t do that. There is nothing you could do that would embarrass me, I got over that feeling five hundred years ago.” Billy exaggerates hoping to pull Steve out of his cries, Billy is only two hundred and twenty eight, he still has a long way to go before he reaches five hundred. It does not really work, does not draw Steve out of his crying.

“I told you I was going to take care of you, how could I possibly take care of you if I’m not with you?” Billy asks sadly, he wants to track Steve's parents down and hurt them, thinks briefly about making the offer but he is pretty sure Steve would not actually appreciate that. Steve does not answer and Billy decides to try again once he is not so distraught, decides just to hold him tight until he starts feeling better.

Billy is not sure how long it takes, his own thoughts drifting to making Steve's parents pay for his emotional distress, when Steve finally pulls away just enough so that his face is not smashed against Billy’s neck. He wiggles his arm free, where it is tucked under Billy’s, his other arm still hugging him as he wipes his face on his sleeve, doing very little to clean himself up as he asks “What’s wrong with me I’ve never been this much of a cry baby?”

“The change heightens our worst and best traits, there is nothing wrong with crying or fearing being left, it’s very common, but I am never going to leave you.” Billy says earnestly, means it, how could he ever want to leave Steve, his other half.



Steve gives a little heavy breath, mouth twisting back and forth for a second before his eyes meet Billy's that red ring dimmer, now just making the brown look an even deeper shape as he asks "Promise?"

"I Promise" Billy presses their foreheads together burring as he rubs their noses together making a small smile crack over Steve's mouth.

Steve nods sniffing, that smile shifting to a pout "When do my good traits start showing up?" Billy chuckles, hugging him close.

"I think you have plenty of good traits just off the tops of my you have impeccable control of your thirst already and I for one enjoy how tactile you are so I think both of those can go in the good trait pile." Billy says lightly, "I think given your control we can have Max come home, what do you think? Maybe we can see how you do with her staying with you the next time I have to go out?"

Steve's fingers clutch him tight, a tremble running through his hands but he gives a little nod into the curve of Billy's neck "Yeah we, we can try that."

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Having Max come home gives Steve a second person to latch onto and he shows no interest in her or any of the kids blood, he has no interest in humans at all despite drinking human blood from the bags. He still prefers to be in Billy's space, laughing when Dustin gets pissy about it all "Why are you always hugging him, I'm way more huggable than him!" Jealous over Steve giving his attention to Billy. Steve makes it a point to hug him plenty and draw him close even when he is plastered to Billy's side, the two of them sneering at each other behind Steve's back.

When Billy does have to go out for blood next he makes sure to do it when Max is home, does not leave until she promises to stay with an

eye roll and he has promised to Steve that he will return. Steve gets that sad look that worries him but he goes and sits on the couch, Max pressing into his side, more tactile with Steve than she has ever been with Billy. He is only a little jealous, he mostly chalks it up to her having known Steve as human before he was turned.

He still worries the whole time he is out, worries Max's presence will not be enough for Steve, that he is going to come home once again to a sobbing vampire and probably an irate Max who will yell at him for leaving when he knew this could happen. His worries are unfounded, he comes back to the two of them still practically in the same spot on the couch. The only thing that has changed is the bowl of popcorn and Max has her head flopped into Steve's lap, his hand carding through her hair as he asks questions and gets popcorn muffled answers.

"Billy!"

As soon as Steve sees him, he shoots over to him, leaving Max toppled on the floor glowering at the two of them, popcorn all over the place with a growl of "Fucking vampires!" Billy just grins at her as Steve hugs him, nose pressing against his neck as she rolls her eyes eating floor popcorn.

"You did good pretty boy." Billy praises with a burr against Steve's hair hugging him back just as tightly.

"I still missed you." Steve says softly, so softly Billy almost misses it, stomach fluttering at the admission.

**-TBC**

"Missed you too." Max is making gagging noises behind them and it is Billy's turn to roll his eyes at her dramatics.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

### **3. Breeze**

#### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Day 20 Breeze

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“You have to focus pretty boy, you are never going to catch dinner if you can’t find it.” Billy teases.

Steve gives a heaving sigh and tips his head back to look up at Billy's, face all pinched up. “What if I don’t want to catch thumper for dinner?”

“Thumper is just practice for your senses, there wouldn’t be enough blood to justify the kill.” Billy explains, Steve frowning with a little ‘ew’. Billy just presses his face down, mouth landing on Steve’s forehead, giving a bur as he brushes his lips over the soft skin, making Steve laugh and his scent go sweet. “Alright here comes another one, go on, focus on trying to hear its heartbeat, its steps through the grass.” Billy encourages as a possum slowly trots through the field, Steve sighing as he closes his eyes and tries to do what Billy wants.

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Day Twenty Breeze from the Harringrove April Prompts

#### **The Calling Part 3 - Breeze**

There is a breeze tonight, the air cool and blowing their hair about, Billy has had to tie his back just to keep his curls from getting in his mouth. The moon is high, another week and a half until it will be full, but more than enough to light the ground for the two of them, their eyes easily adjusting to the low light. They are sitting in a field

waiting, so far nothing has gotten too close, nothing worth eating at least and normally Billy would simply chase down bigger pray but since Steve does not know what he is doing he thought it might be easier to wait for their pray to come to them, take the chance for him to hone some of his skills.

Billy is settled on his ass, boots planted in the dirt, knees up, Steve had not even asked so comfortable now, before he just settled between them leaning back against Billy, back against his chest. Billy has spent the last twenty minutes nose in Steve's hair pointing out different constellations and telling Steve the stories he knows about them, aiming only for the ones with a story that does not end in tragedy, Steve smelling too close to copper and salt after the first one he told that ended badly.

There have been bunnies, skunks, and possums so far traipsing through their field and each time they brave scurrying through Billy will stop and have Steve focus. Billy has him use his ears and his nose to try and locate the direction of the animal and so far they have all been astounding failures. He is getting closer though, almost managing to point out the last rabbit to scurry through before it was out of the field and into the deeper cover of the lush forest around them.

"You have to focus pretty boy, you are never going to catch dinner if you can't find it." Billy teases.

Steve gives a heaving sigh and tips his head back to look up at Billy's, face all pinched up. "What if I don't want to catch thumper for dinner?"

"Thumper is just practice for your senses, there wouldn't be enough blood to justify the kill." Billy explains, Steve frowning with a little 'ew'. Billy just presses his face down, mouth landing on Steve's forehead, giving a bur as he brushes his lips over the soft skin, making Steve laugh and his scent go sweet. "Alright here comes another one, go on, focus on trying to hear its heartbeat, its steps

through the grass.” Billy encourages as a possum slowly trots through the field, Steve sighing as he closes his eyes and tries to do what Billy wants.

It is another hour before something worth their time comes through, Billy smells it before he sees it, the wind shifting and bringing the scent of deer. He still waits until it gets closer, quieting Steve with a gentle shush as they wait. Billy bends and moves his mouth next to Steve’s ear as a big buck comes into the field unaware of them in the tallest grass. “Do you see it?” Billy asks, the stag is pretty hard to miss.

Steve nods with a little whisper of “Bambi” louder than Billy had been, the buck twisting and turning looking for the source of the noise, it is a tense few minutes, neither of them moving before the buck finally returns its head into the grass looking for food.

“Keep quiet and follow me, I’m going to show you how it’s done.” Billy says, moving them both silently up to standing when Steve nods. Billy has anticipation humming under his skin as he waits a heartbeat and then shoots across the field, the buck never suspects a thing, Billy moving so fast that by the time it registers the sound of the grass moving from something other than the breeze it is too late.

Billy catches it around the neck and snaps it, no reason to make the animal suffer. Steve is right there gasping and turning away scent sour as Billy lowers the deer to the ground. “Pretty boy are you alright?” Billy was afraid he might not be able to stomach it and judging by the copper salt scent just brimming up he was right. Steve just shakes his head refusing to turn around and Billy leaves the deer where it is, moving to pull Steve close.

“Why did you kill it, do you always have to kill?” His scent remains sour even as he turns in Billy’s hold pressing his nose against his neck, soothing himself and Billy burrs against his cheek giving him a nuzzle.

“When you feed from animals it’s more humane, with people you can control them, animals not so much, they struggle and sometimes they break free, either way it usually end up incurring a lot of damage and it’s painful for them. This is the most humane way to feed from an animal.” Billy has seen the damage of trying it the other way, even if the feed is successful the blood needed leaves the animal weak, making them an easy target for other predators.

“I don’t like it.” Steve says, shaking his head still hiding against Billy’s neck.

“Need to eat though.” Billy tries to reason, Billy is a little disappointed to be proven right as Steve gives another shake of his head, Billy himself enjoys the hunt, chasing down a large animal for his meal when he is not feeding from human blood.

“Not like this, I can’t, you said I wouldn’t have to.” Billy drags a hand up to Steve’s hair cupping the back of his skull and gives another burr.

“I did and you don’t, I still have to eat though, I can’t just let it go to waste.” Billy just would not feel right about it.

“Okay.” Steve pulls away slowly, eyes deliberately avoiding the dead deer.

“Do you want me to take you home first?” Billy asks, he would prefer not to give the blood time to cool and pool but if Steve wants him to he will. Steve shakes his head and Billy just gives a little nod before turning back to the deer and settling on the ground. He uses his fangs to shave away the layer of fur until he has a nice patch of clean skin, spitting out fuzz onto the ground.

Steve settles behind him, back pressed against his as Billy’s fangs

pierce flesh and Steve shudders and balls up but he keeps his back pressed against Billy's. Billy feeds as quickly as he can without making a mess. It takes a while, it is a big deer, the wind whips around them, Steve shifts lying down, less of them is touching now but the curve of Steve's back is still pressed against Billy's. Billy can tell when Steve has finally zoned out, when he is no longer focused on Billy and the deer as his body relaxes and he is humming something softly under his breath, a tune Billy does not recognize.

Steve has moved through a few tunes by the time Billy finishes and he settles the deer back to the ground. There is a hunter who likes to hunt in these parts early in the morning and Billy made it a point to get him under his control, he will take care of the deer in the morning, make sure none of it goes to waste. Billy wipes at his mouth just in case, his arm coming away clean before he twists and turns and presses against Steve's back, nosing at his neck until Steve's attention turns to him.

"You're done?" Steve asks, chewing on his bottom lip as he twists a long piece of grass in his fingers.

"Yes pretty boy all done, how about we head home and get some blood in your veins." With his blood full of fresh blood Billy can really tell how cold Steve is, he should have made him snack before they left. Steve has not eaten in a while.

"Yeah okay but can we walk though? It's nice out." Steve asks fingers moving from the grass to a long stemmed white flower with a yellow center that he breaks and pulls close, twisting a little so he can glance at Billy nervously before twisting back.

Billy shakes his head, nose rubbing over Steve's skin making him shudder, when is Steve going to learn that Billy will not deny him unless it is for his safety. "Of course we can." Billy says, pulling them both up supernaturally fast and speeding to the other side of the field before slowing, no need for Steve to see the deer again.



“Do you need to...” Steve trails off, face all pinched up as he lets his hand flare out in the direction of the deer.

“Nah I got a system already in place to take care of that, come on.” Billy holds his arm out and if he could still sweat he would be as he waits for Steve to take it. Steve cocks his head, staring at Billy’s bent arm for a moment before he smiles at him all bright as he loops his arm around Billy’s, scent soft and sweet on the breeze mixing with the scents of nature around them.

“I used to play in these woods when I was little.” Steve tells him and unprompted he starts going on about his childhood, about time spent out here with Carol and Tommy and Billy just lets him lead him around as he listens. Aimlessly walking, not actually in the direction of the house, which is just fine with Billy, he is more than happy to spend this time alone with Steve. Home currently has Max and El doing each other's hair and gossiping or whatever it is they like to get up to, he would much rather take this time to keep Steve all to himself.

“Oh, oh, this way!” Steve says scent spiking with a charge as he pulls Billy to the left, speeding up and Billy follows curious, wind whipping around them and Billy nearly bowls Steve over unprepared for the sudden stop. “We used to always swim here during the summer and ice skate during the winter.” Steve says as he stops them in front of a decent sized lake.

The moon is reflecting off of it, the surface is clear, a stream running through it keeping the water from getting stagnant. The banks are grassy things full of cattails and wild flowers and tall leaning grass and weeds, bushes scattered around. Steve pulls him over to a rock formation on the edge of the lake, a clear path worn down through the undergrowth that suggests this place still gets a fair amount of visitors.

Steve pulls him down onto the smooth rocks, settling down close arms still locked together and Billy allows it for a little while, happy

to sit and bask in the beauty of it, to admire Steve's skin in the moonlight as he watches the lake ripple as something stirs under the water. He lets an hour creep by before he decides they really need to head home, he does not want Steve getting too hungry.

"Alright pretty boy we should head back, for real with time." Billy says but he does not move, a little reluctant himself, this has been nice, real nice, almost like some sort of ending to a date and Billy would not mind pretending that, that is what it is.

"Can't we stay a little longer?" Steve asks, turning those big brown eyes on him, the red ring around his eyes dull from a lack of blood.

"You need to eat." Billy reminds. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, I am," Steve licks over his lips, a moment of hesitation before he presses on "but you could feed me, right? I could just take a little blood from you and we could stay a while longer." Steve has that hopeful glint to his eyes begging Billy for something he does not understand and Billy cannot help but flush, the fresh blood in him rising to his cheeks.

"No, that's, that's only done between two vampires who are very close." Billy says with a cough turning away from Steve, trying to will his brain away from thinking about it.

"Are we not close?" Steve asks, voice small and Billy is quick to turn back to him, pull him close before he can try and hunch in on himself.

"That's not, it's different" Billy groans, Steve tense in his arms sulky mouth pressed against his shoulder "It's generally a very intimate thing."

Steve relaxes a little, face going curious "What do you mean?" Billy

huffs and decides to just bite the bullet. Trying to beat around the bush apparently is not going to work.

“When two vampire feed from one another they’re usually fucking.” Billy tries not to think about doing that with Steve, about the two of them naked and pressed close, about pressing inside of Steve with more than just his fangs. Billy should not have eaten so much he is never going to get rid of this stupid blush, he had intended that deer to be for both of them, he usually goes without feeding a few days before hunting a meal of that size.

“Oh, well.” Steve says, breaking Billy out of his thoughts as he gives a little laugh his eyes cutting away before coming back to Billy’s with something Billy cannot quite read “I wouldn’t be opposed to that” Not what he was expecting the follow up to be, it makes his brain come to an absolute halt, Billy just sits there staring at Steve. The longer he stares the more nervous Steve goes, shifting pulling away a little “Or not I guess, I just, I mean well, you’re well,” Steve waves his hand to encompass Billy, who is still just stalk still and Steve’s scent goes sour with regret mouth screwing up and he is hunching and pulling as he says more softly “you know what never mind let’s forget I said anything.”

“No, no, no!” Billy practically shouts, moving for Steve, it has been a long time since he has lost control of his own speed and it catches both of them off guard as Billy ends up knocking Steve to his back, their legs tangled together, hovering over him, both of them staring at one another in shock. “Didn’t mean to do that.” Billy admits sheepishly, ducking his head lower, forehead resting against Steve’s collar bone as he gives his lips a lick.

Billy just stays like that, turns his face and presses into Steve’s neck, Steve’s scent is a mix of things as Billy just lets himself flop down onto Steve, breathing a huff out against Steve’s skin. “Billy, are you okay?” Steve asks after another few moments, scent a little brighter more amused than anything, hands coming up to rub at Billy’s back.

“Yeah.” Billy huffs against Steve, he smells so good and he rubs his nose against his skin giving a bur that makes Steve hum softly. “Sorry.”

“So you aren’t attracted to me, it’s not the end of the world.” Steve says, sounding disappointed and Billy’s face blurs he jerks it up so fast.

“What?”

Steve rolls his eyes, tries to push Billy off of him but he is unwilling to budge. “You think I am not attracted to you?” Billy cannot help laughing, Steve going all sulky bottom lip pushed out in a pout pushing against Billy harder, displeased to be laughed at. Billy catches his hands and pins him down so he will stop trying to push him away, “Pretty boy, that isn’t even close to the right assumption, I find you very attractive, fucking distracting at the best of time, every time you get out of the bath I can barely stop myself from looking, I want to lick the drops of water from your skin.”

Billy leans down again and kisses the corner of Steve’s mouth as his pout eases away “If that’s true, why haven’t you tried anything? It’s not like I’m some blushing virgin, you’re hot and you smell really good Billy.” Steve is going to be the actual death of him.

“It’s the calling.” Billy says mouth against Steve’s skin, licking over his own lips as an excuse to get a little taste and it makes Steve shudder. “I just turned you and I didn’t want the calling to sway you. You’re not even gay.” Billy sighs rolling off of Steve and flopping next to him, the breeze blowing his curls.

“You’re right I’m not gay,” Billy frowns, he knew that he did, he has heard tales of Steve’s exploits from Tommy but there was a little lingering hope under his ribs that maybe he would be the exception, that maybe Steve would find him appealing enough to give a romantic relationship a try. Billy will get over it though, he knew this

was a very real possibility, the calling is not romantic for everyone, it does not make Steve any less his person, his other half, Billy will get over his crush “but like I’m not, not gay.”

Billy blinks up at the sky, before turning his head to find Steve watching him “What does that even mean?” Billy asks, a little more bite than he intends.

“It’s a small town Billy, there’s not a lot to do especially when it drops below freezing and my parents are always gone.” Steve says as he moves, straddling Billy’s waist and that hope is back and growing under Billy’s ribs as he stares up at Steve, smiling down at him. “I had a lot of opportunities to experiment. I like sucking cock just as much as I like eating pussy, I like a lot of things, including you.”

“You sure?” Billy asks, letting his hands slide up Steve’s thighs slowly as Steve bends down, hand by Billy’s head keeping him from falling completely forward, hair whipping around his face. “It could just be the calling.”

“What is the calling?” Steve asks a hair’s breadth away from Billy’s mouth.

“It’s why I smell so good to you, it’s a sign that we’re meant to be together but it doesn’t have to be romantic or sexual or anything other than platonic. It draws you to your other person, it could be clouding the way you are feeling, you’re still so young, so new to the change it’s hard to parse out individual feelings and urges in the beginning.” Billy explains, hands dropping away from Steve’s thighs.

“Is that why you’ve never made a move? You were worried about my feelings not being sincere?” Steve asks, smile widening, scent sweet and bright as he presses the corner of their mouths together whispering against Billy’s skin “I guess it’s a good thing I had a crush on you before you turned me then, no confusion there.” Billy’s heart would stop if it still could beat as Steve turns his head and brushes

his lips against Billy's.

How is Billy supposed to resist the sweet call of Steve's lips against his, why would he now that he knows Steve has had a crush on him since before he was turned. Steve pulls away, ending the kiss far too soon for Billy's liking and he surges up, catching Steve's mouth again in another kiss as he laughs, a happy thing. Steve keeps smiling into the kiss even as the laughter dies out, heat building between them as their tongues slide together, hands caressing, it is when Steve tries to move things along further, his hips shifting against Billy's, that he stops him.

"Okay, okay but we aren't doing that here." Billy says sternly as he breaks the kiss, hands framing Steve's face as he pouts, going right back to grinning as Billy adds. "Maybe, maybe we should go on a date?" and that stupid blush is back on Billy's cheeks as he licks over his lips.

"Awe, does Billy need some wining and dining before he's ready to get into bed, I can do that." Steve teases, laughing as Billy drops a hand and pinches him with a huff.

"I am five hundred years old. I don't need wining and dining you brat." Billy huffs, flipping them so Steve is under him, fangs bared like a threat they both know is all for show.

"No you're not Max told me you're only like two hundred and fifty." Steve says, laughing at Billy, reaching a hand up and poking at one of Billy's fangs. Billy watches the finger, knowing they need to go as no blood wells up, not even the tiniest of drops, Billy does not like Steve being this low on blood.

"Two hundred and twenty eight actually." Billy corrects getting off of Steve and moving to his feet holding a hand out to Steve and dragging him up when he takes it.

“Oh my mistake.” Steve says, rolling his eyes and Billy moves in close, fangs retracting as he gives Steve a blunt nip. He is pulling away ready to speed them both home when Steve cups his face again, going serious. “About that date all joking aside, we should definitely do that.” Billy grins and kisses him again, both of them smiling into it.

**-End**

**Notes for the Chapter:**

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